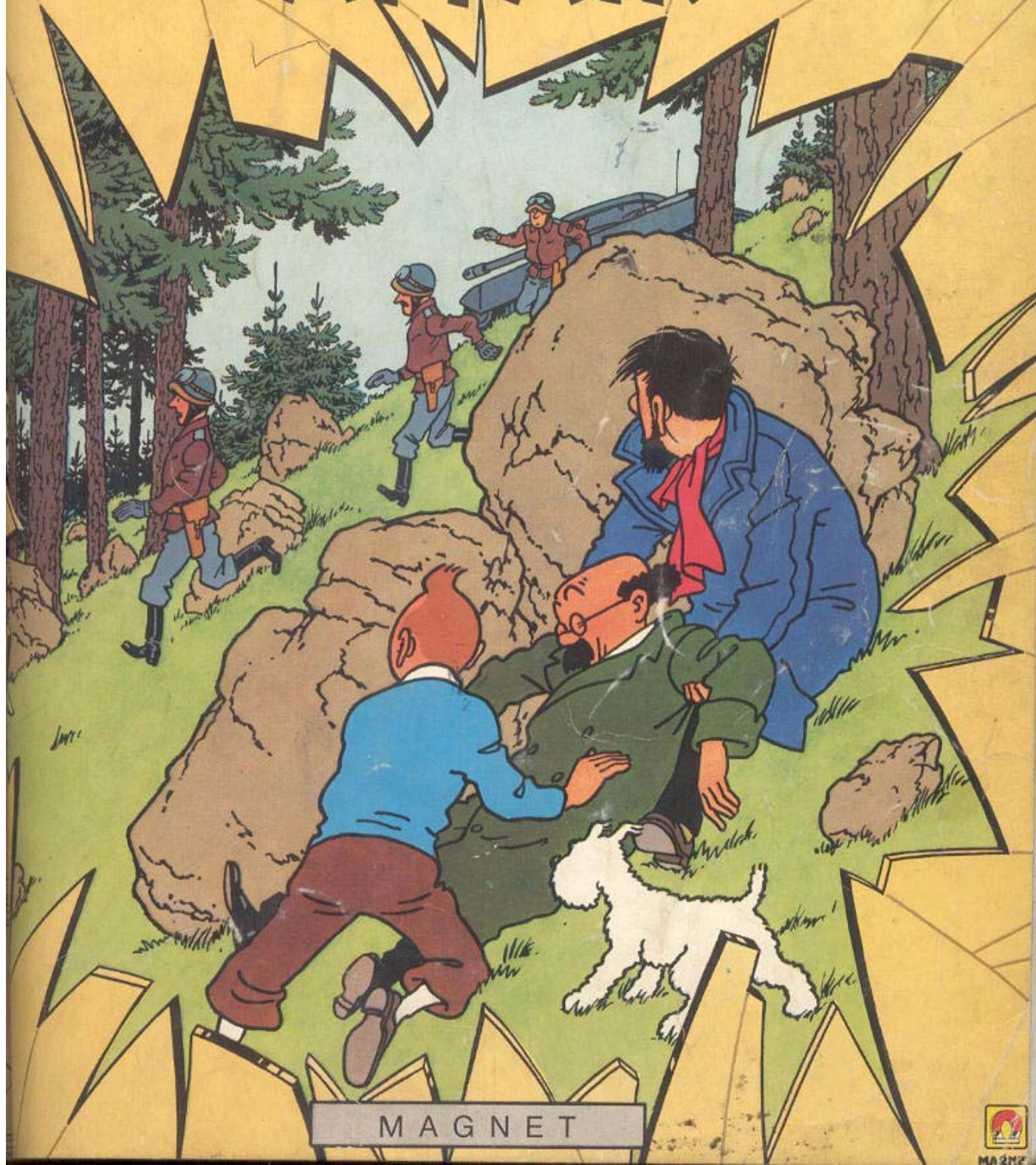


HERGÉ
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



MAGNET



THE CALCULUS AFFAIR



So much for your peace and quiet, Captain! Look over there. There's a big storm brewing.

Yes, it's high time we got back to the house.



My hat!... Hey!... My hat!



Thundering typhoons!
My very best hat!



BRROM

Ugh! Here comes the rain.



Good old Nestor! He's come to meet us with an umbrella.



Thank you, Nestor. We'd have been absolutely soaked.



By the whiskers of K urvi-Tasch! Someone else is watching them already.





Well, we're home again... and none too soon, either!

RRRIING

The telephone, Nestor.



Hello?... No Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher!... No, Madam... NO, Madam! ...Fiddle-de-dee, Madam!



...That's at least the twentieth time...



Quite so, Nestor. But one must always keep one's temper... especially with a lady... And besides, Nestor, you should never telephone during a storm: it is extremely dangerous.



That's that. And now, my friend, I think I'll just have a quiet drink, if you don't mind.



Blistering barnacles! That flash of lightning wasn't far away. In fact, I...



Look at that!



The funny thing is, that happened AFTER the clap of thunder.



RRINGRRING



Hello?... What?... Lamb chops?... No, Madam, I am not Mr. Cutts the butcher! And what's more Madam, it is highly dangerous to telephone during a storm. You should know better! And the best of luck, Madam!





What shall I do, sir? Shall I ... Shall I open it?

Yes, Nestor.



Ah! At last!

Hey! You there... Who d'you think you are?



Billions of blue blistering barnacles! That's a fine way to introduce yourself. And what d'you want here, anyway?

That's a long story, old boy...

Ah, the lights!



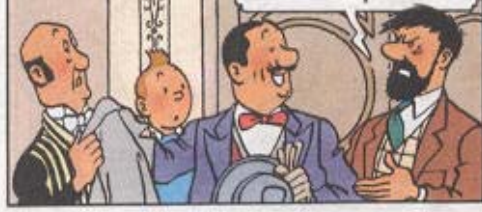
Yes, quite a story... I was driving along when, crack!... my wind-screen shattered, and all the other windows as well. In that down-pour too! So I said to myself: "Jolyon" (that's my name), Jolyon Wagg, of the Rock Bottom Insurance...

How nice!...



"Jolyon", I said to myself, "what are you going to do now?"... Then I saw your house. "I'll shelter there", I said... Here, take my coat, old chap.

You'd better stay here till the rain stops.



Nice little place you've got here. Must say I prefer something more modern, but still...



Oho! had a tiff with the wife, eh?

I... It was probably the lightning.



Lightning?... Ha! ha! ha! And I'll bet you weren't insured, eh, you old rascal? Well what a bit of luck that Jolyon Wagg dropped in: he'll soon fix you up with a neat little policy.

How kind.



Is that whisky you're drinking? You can pour one for me while you're about it. Not that I like the stuff: I'm just thirsty, that's all.



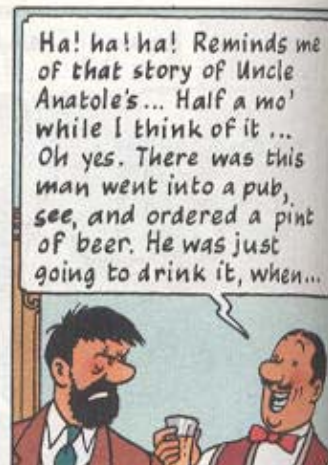
Not bad armchairs, these. I don't stand on ceremony, you know. A bit of a clown, that's me. Never a dull moment with me around, you bet!



I take after my Uncle Anatole; he was a barber, you know. Oh, you should have met him! A proper caution, he was. Always telling stories, make you die of laughing... Like this one... There were two men in a railway carriage, see...

Cheers!







They came from outside.



There's someone coming ...Oh, it's Professor Calculus, on the way back from his laboratory.



Did you hear those shots?

No, it's over now. The rain has stopped.



Professor, just look at your hat! Excuse me...



Look! A bullet has gone right through it!

Oh! See!... a hole!

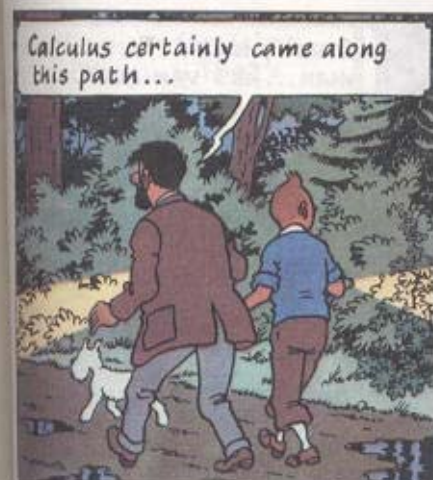


I can't understand it at all. The moths never used to make such big holes as these.



Quick, Captain. Let's have a look round the park.

Right. Just let me fetch a torch, and I'll be with you.



Calculus certainly came along this path...



Captain! Snowy's picked up a scent. Come on, let's follow him.



Oh! Look there!

Wooah!



Blistering barnacles! Do you think he's...

No: he's alive. His heart's beating... faintly...



We must send for the police at once.

You stay here while I go and telephone.



Blistering barnacles, what an evening! What an evening!



Oh, sir!... Sir! Something terrible's happened!

In heaven's name, what's the matter now?



Blistering barnacles! Come out of there, or I'll shoot!



Mercy! Have pity! Please don't kill me! I wouldn't harm a fly... I'm just a simple fellow...



Blistering barnacles, you don't have to tell me that! Just explain what you're doing down there!

Me?... I... I was hiding.



Somebody tried to murder me! I was walking towards my car... then suddenly: Bang! Bang!... So I said to myself, I said, 'Jolyon, someone's trying to kill you...'



Wait... I can hear a car. It must be the police.



Are you the one who telephoned?... Good. The doctor and the ambulance are just behind us. Where is the casualty?



Here I am, Mr. Inspector... Jolyon Wagg... That's me...

You've been shot?

Me? No.



But didn't you report that you'd found a wounded man?

Well, we did, but now he's vanished.



Then why were you pretending to be the victim?

But I am, Mr. Inspector; I'm the victim of an attack; I was shot at. So I said to myself, 'Jolyon,' I said...



They weren't firing at him, sergeant, but the shots must have whistled past him. In fact one went through Calculus's hat.

And who, pray, is Calculus?



Calculus? He's a friend of mine. He came back to the hole with a house in his hat... No, I mean... Anyway, Tintin told me...

And who is Tintin?



Tintin? But this is Tintin! Here...

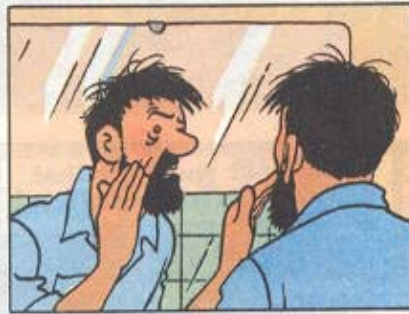
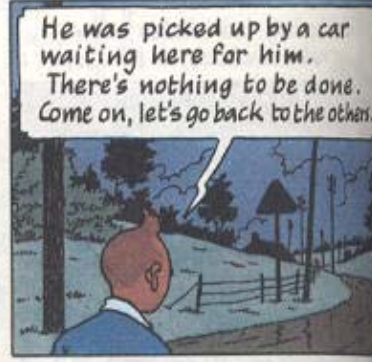


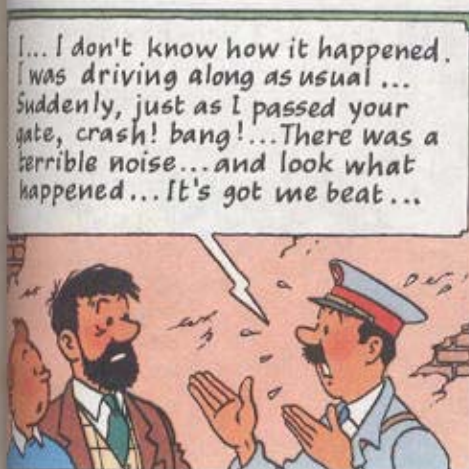
Hey, now where's he gone?

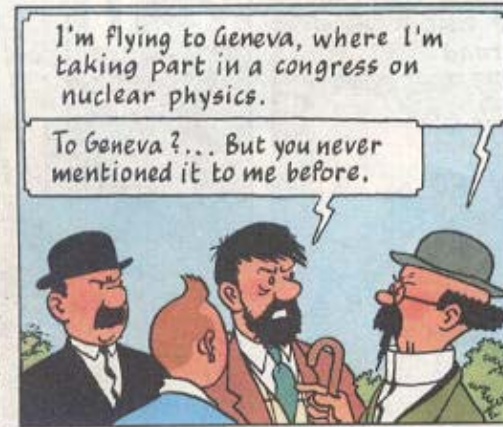
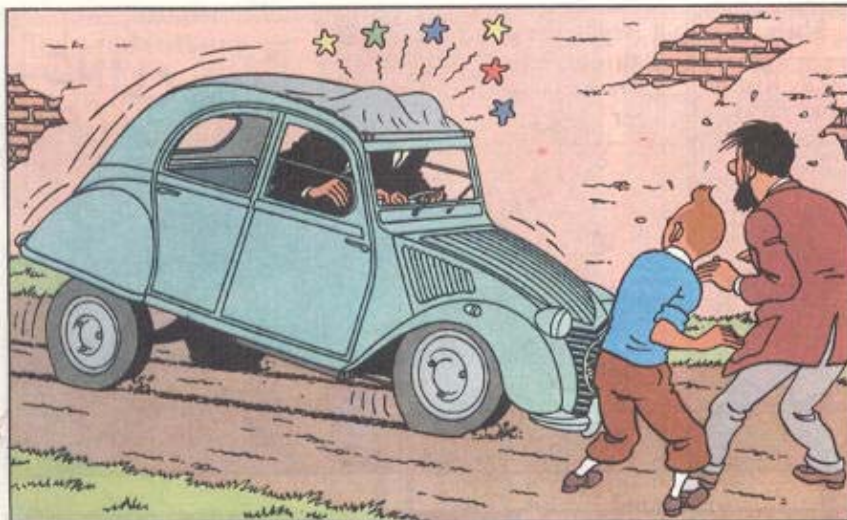


Go on, Snowy! Seek it out!











Just look at that horde of rubber-necks! They can hardly wait to see the rest of my windows smashed to bits!



No doubt. But somehow I think they are going to be disappointed.

What do you mean?



It's just a thought... By the way, I know Calculus hates anyone going into his laboratory, but I'd rather like to have a look round in there. Have you got his key?

Yes... but what's the idea?



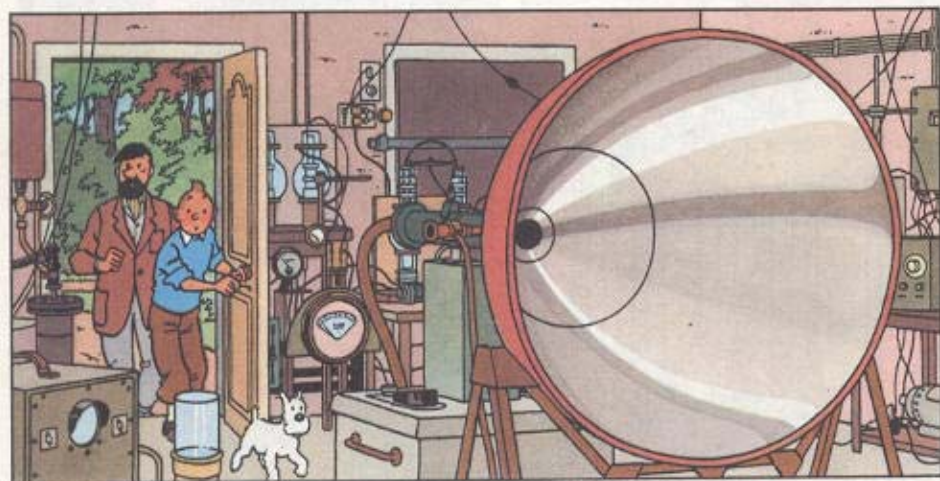
Well, I've been thinking about this business, and one thing struck me; the glass-breaking only occurred when Calculus was out; or, to be more accurate, when he was in his laboratory. And since he left for Geneva yesterday, nothing more has happened.



In a nutshell, you suggest our friend Cuthbert's responsible for all those incidents? But that's ridiculous!



I'm not suggesting anything, Captain. I'm simply trying to work it out.



Sniff... sniff...



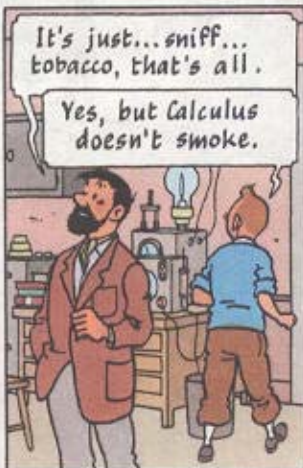
I say, Captain, can you smell anything?

Sniff... Sniff...



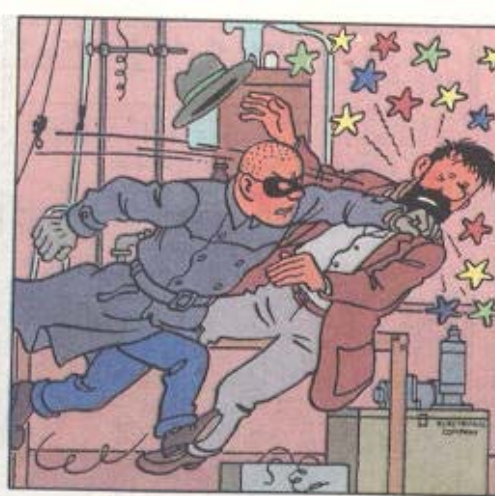
It's just... sniff... tobacco, that's all.

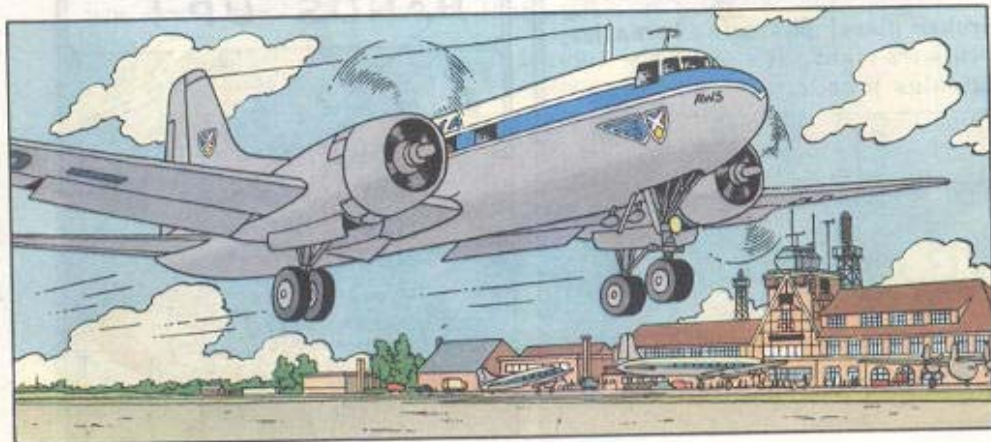
Yes, but Calculus doesn't smoke.



Blistering barnacles, that's quite right!



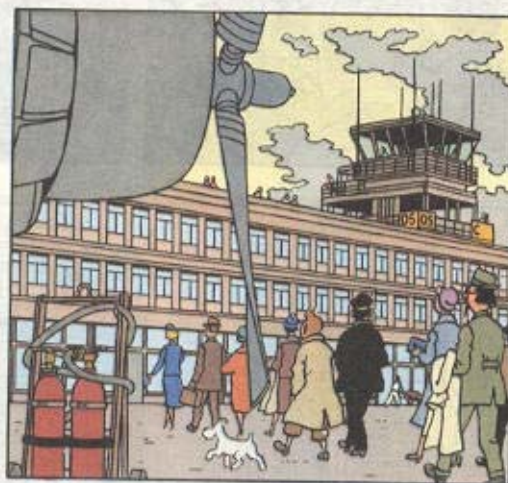




3.30 p.m., at Cointrin Airport, Geneva...



O.K., I get it: if they're here, we buzz off to Geneva and wait for them at Cornavin Station, at the Swissair bus terminal.



Three-quarters of an hour later, at Cornavin Station...



Here they come... You barge into them and push them around; they'll get angry, there'll be a fight... All to gain time...



Bah! Foiled! A gendarme...

Ah, there's a gendarme. We'll ask him.



Hotel Cornavin? You'll find it just across the road.

Thank you.



Is Professor Calculus staying here, please?

Professor Calculus? Yes, sir. His key is not on the board, so he must be in his room.



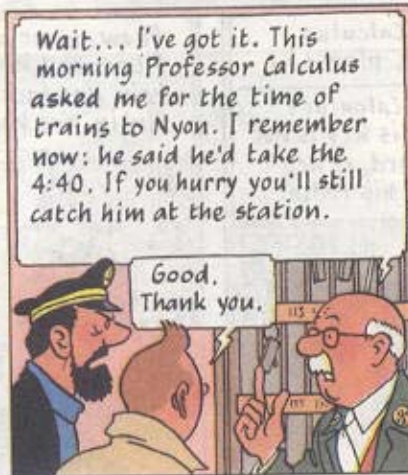
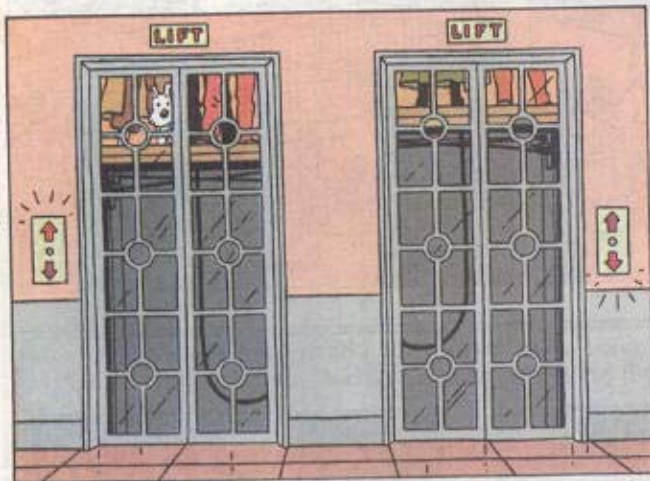
Phew, what a relief! Please tell him Captain Haddock and Tintin are here.

Certainly, sir.

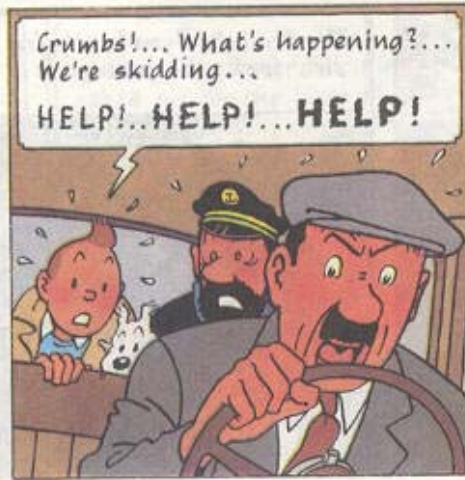
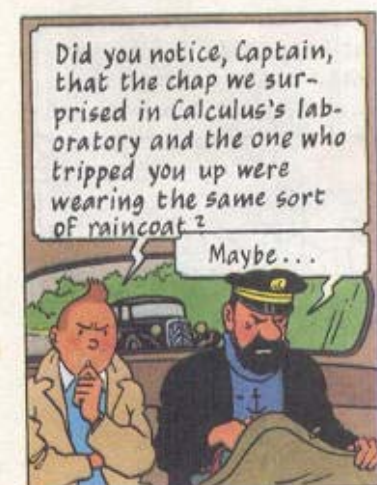
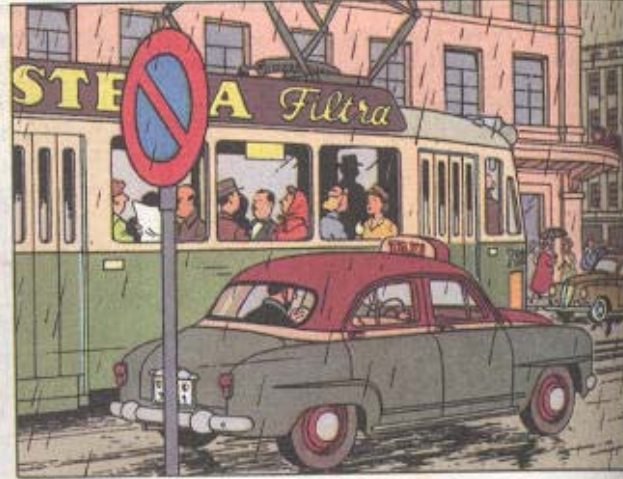
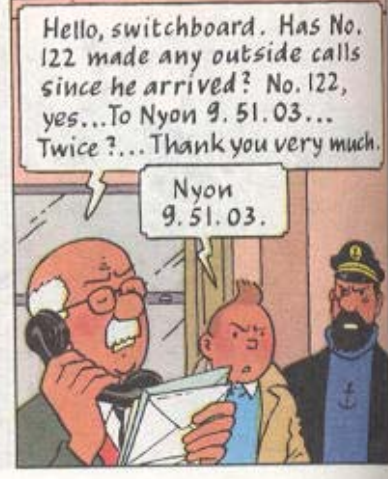


What's up?







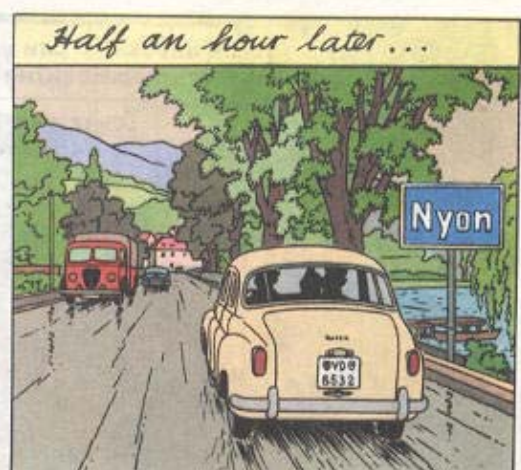




I saw it all! The roadhogs! They swerved deliberately. If they'd wanted to push you into the lake they couldn't have done it better.

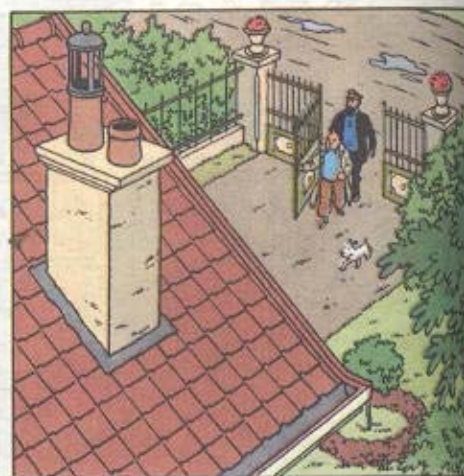
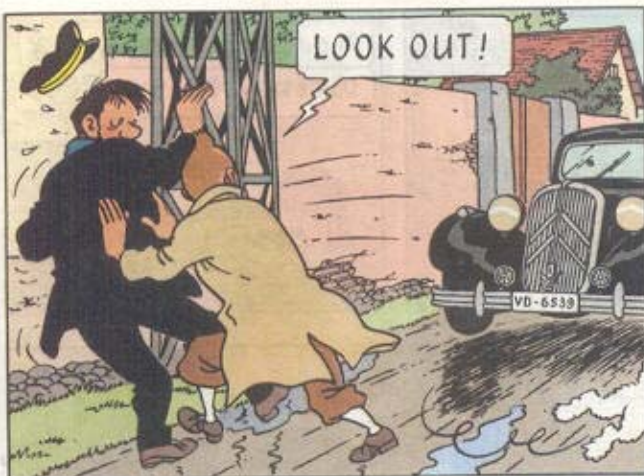


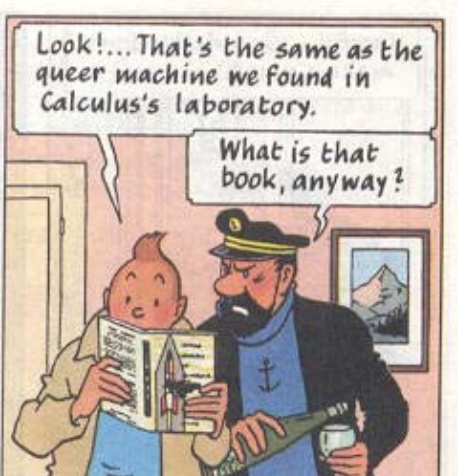
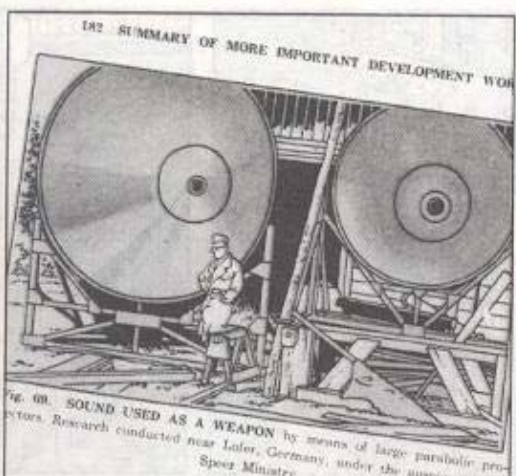
Thank goodness... Look here, there's something I must ask you to do for me. Would someone please take us on to Nyon? It's terribly urgent. We'll leave our names with you, to give to the police.

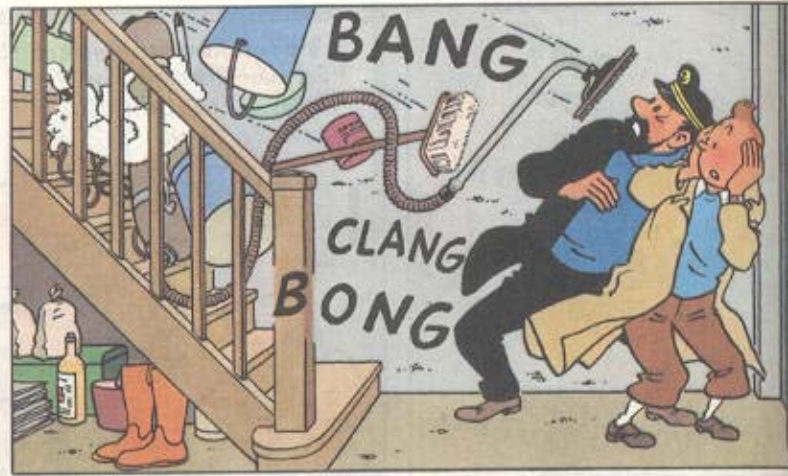


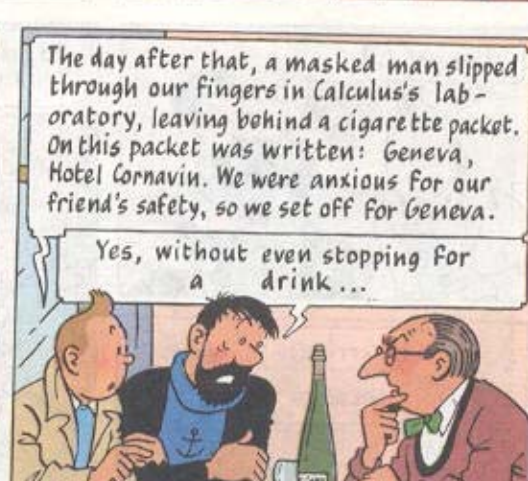
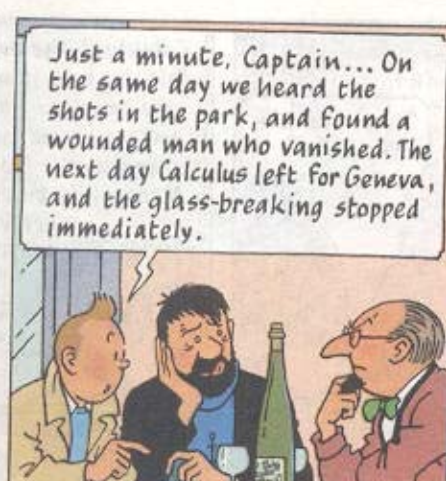
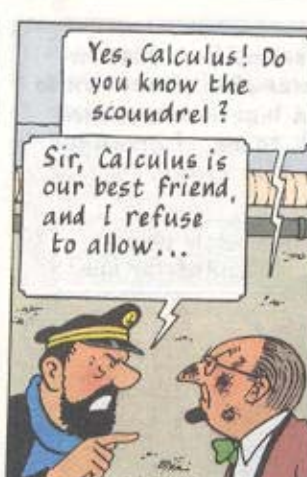
Here we are, gentlemen. This is Nyon. To reach route de Saint-Cergue you go through the tunnel and turn right.













Who is Boris?

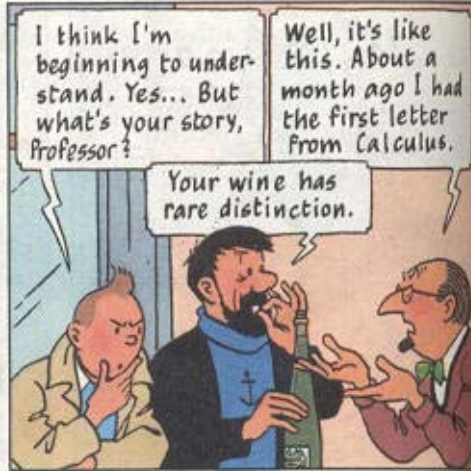
Boris? He's my servant. He smokes very little, and only those cigarettes. He gets them direct from Borduria.



From Borduria?... Boris is a Bordurian?... Where is he?

He left for home yesterday evening. They sent a telegram. His mother has just been taken ill.

Oho! It's '53!



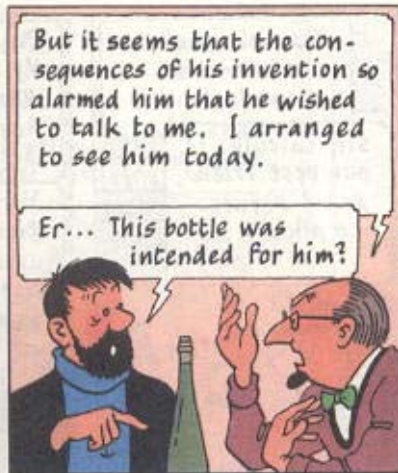
I think I'm beginning to understand. Yes... But what's your story, Professor?

Well, it's like this. About a month ago I had the first letter from Calculus.

Your wine has rare distinction.



He wrote to say that he was on the verge of a sensational discovery, in the field of ultrasonics. As I am a specialist in that subject, he sought my advice. Last week another letter arrived... He had succeeded.

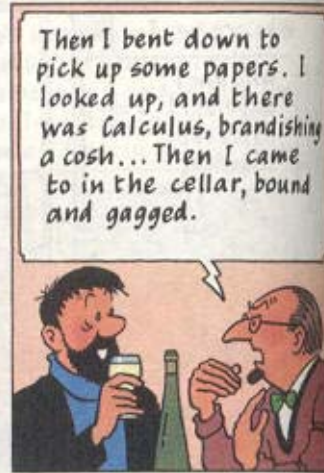


But it seems that the consequences of his invention so alarmed him that he wished to talk to me. I arranged to see him today.

Er... This bottle was intended for him?



Exactly. But help yourself if you feel like it. ... This afternoon Calculus arrived, a little earlier than I expected, and we began to chat. ...



Then I bent down to pick up some papers. I looked up, and there was Calculus, brandishing a cosh... Then I came to in the cellar, bound and gagged.



I've got it!

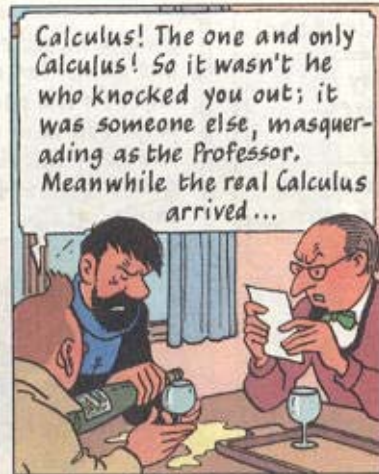
Oh, sorry!...

Not at all!



Do you know this man?

Never seen him. Who is he?

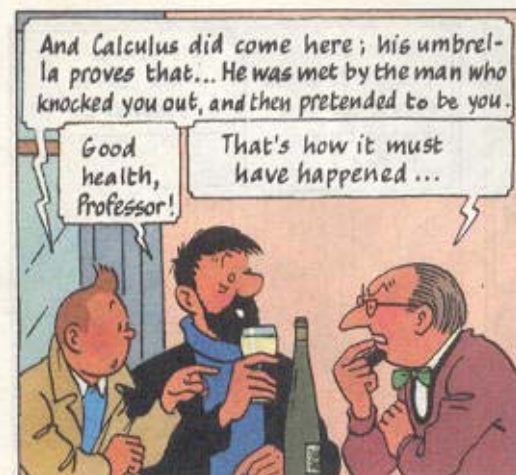


Calculus! The one and only Calculus! So it wasn't he who knocked you out; it was someone else, masquerading as the Professor. Meanwhile the real Calculus arrived...



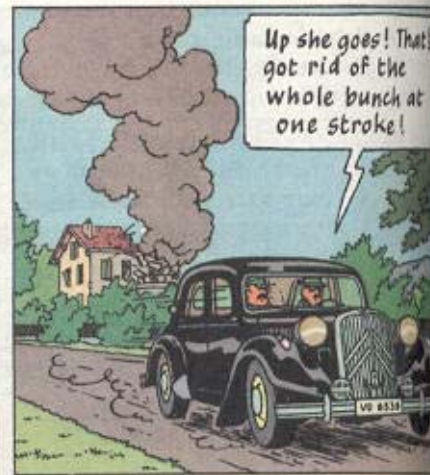
You're sure the timing mechanism hasn't stopped?

Don't panic! Only a few seconds to go...



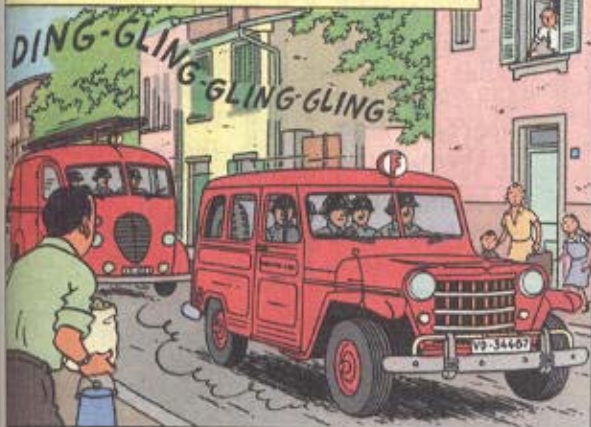
Good health, Professor!

That's how it must have happened ...



Up she goes! That's got rid of the whole bunch at one stroke!

A few minutes later ...



Next morning...

Topolino were taken from the wreckage. Fragments of a bomb were found in the debris and foul play is suspected. The police have detained two men found loitering in the vicinity of the crime, questioning passers-by. These two men will appear before the examining magistrate this morning.

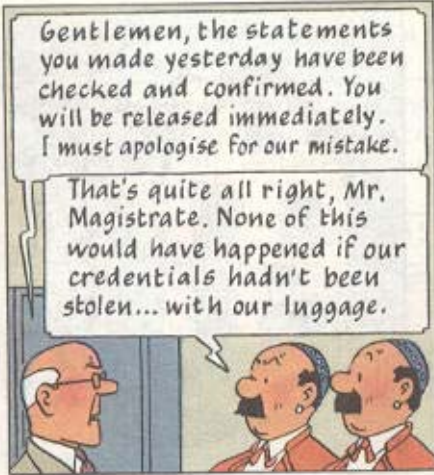
Meanwhile speculation is rife as to the motive behind this attack, and every effort is being made to discover why Professor Topolino's house should





In you go!

Here we are!



Gentlemen, the statements you made yesterday have been checked and confirmed. You will be released immediately. I must apologise for our mistake.

That's quite all right, Mr. Magistrate. None of this would have happened if our credentials hadn't been stolen... with our luggage.



We're in Swiss disguise while we're searching for our friends Tintin and Haddock. We have important news for them.

You'll find them in the hospital, quite near here.



A little later...

Tintin and Captain Haddock? I'll take you to their room. You're just in time. They're getting ready to leave.



I say, how clean these hospitals are. Just look at the shine on the floors!



ZIIIIIP

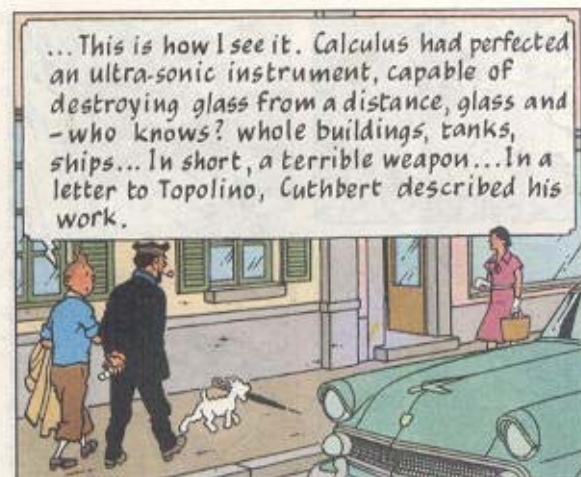
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... Yes, important news. We caught him... the man in the park who was wounded, then vanished. He's Syldavian. But we can't get another thing out of him. He swears he was there "quite by chance".



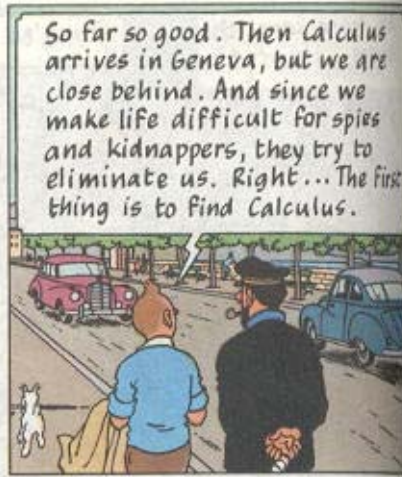
Quite by chance... I'll bet he was. Thanks all the same. I'm terribly sorry you slipped up... We must be off to the police station. Goodbye for now.



... This is how I see it. Calculus had perfected an ultra-sonic instrument, capable of destroying glass from a distance, glass and - who knows? whole buildings, tanks, ships... In short, a terrible weapon... In a letter to Topolino, Cuthbert described his work.



This letter was discovered by Topolino's servant, a Bordurian called Boris, who tipped off his country's secret service. But the Syldavian espionage got wind of the invention too, and sent an agent to Marlinspike. He stumbled upon his Bordurian rival, who shot him.



So far so good. Then Calculus arrives in Geneva, but we are close behind. And since we make life difficult for spies and kidnappers, they try to eliminate us. Right... The first thing is to find Calculus.



But where can he be? ... Who knows what they have done with poor Cuthbert?



Blue blistering barnacles!... A lighted cigarette! The fat-headed fire-raisers!



Nit-witted ninepins! Bashibazouks! A "C.D." plate, so do as you like! Certified Diplodomuses, that's what you are!

OH!...

Look at this cigarette, Captain. The same brand... once again!

Thundering typhoons, you're right.



... It was a C.D. car... Diplomatic Corps. That means from an embassy, and most probably the Bordurian Embassy... We must find out where that is. A post office directory will tell us. We'd better go back to Nyon.



There... Bordurian Embassy, "Les Cygnes," Rolle.

Rolle... That's a few miles from Nyon.



Well then, this afternoon we'll reconnoitre. We'll go out to Rolle and spy out the land; and tonight, Captain, we'll go into action!



That night...



Blood-suckers!



Man-eating pests!

PCHH

Lucky I brought this along!



Don't make a sound Captain, we're nearly there.

PCHH

PCHH



Wait, just a few more shots!



BZZRRBZZR

Here comes an absolute whopper! Listen to the din!

PCHH



OH!... Sorry!



He's landing on the lawn... Moor the boat and we'll have a look.



Look over there; someone's coming.



Crumbs! The man in the middle... no mistaking that silhouette... It's Calculus! They're going to put him aboard the helicopter!



Good heavens! What's happening?





Gangsters!... Anacoluthons!
... Bashi- bazouks!



We'd better not hang
around here, Captain; the
others will be back.



We must get under
cover, quickly.



There they are. Let's
get back to the lawn.



By the whiskers of Kūrvi-Tasch!
Those accursed Syldavians have
got away with the Professor!



Only one thing to do:
go after them in
the helicopter...

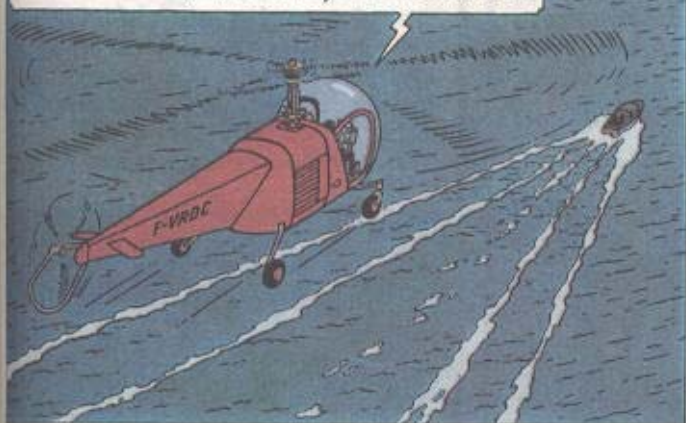
Good idea!



We're overhauling them fast.
You can see their wake
clearly.



It's them all right, heading towards France!



Blistering barnacles!
Another mosquito, in-
side this goldfish-bowl!

By the Sceptre of
Ottokar! Their heli-
copter's on our tail!



OH! You monster!
Just you wait...
Where's my spray-gun?



PSCHH



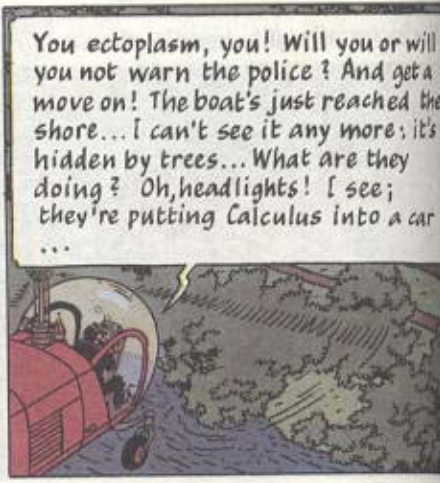
HUKKH
HUKKH



HUKKH-HUKKH-HUKKH

Go on Vladimir,
they're within range.







A pylon!
Power
cables!



We just missed
them. But
blistering
barnacles, we're
out of control!



Whew! We're safe!



I think we must have trimmed
the treetops.



Ha! ha! ha!
Still keeping
up the com-
mentary!
You know, you're
an absolute
wow at the
mike, Captain!



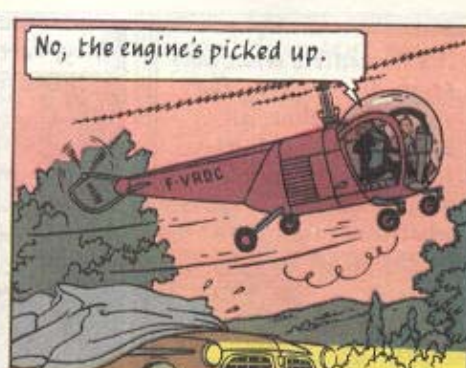
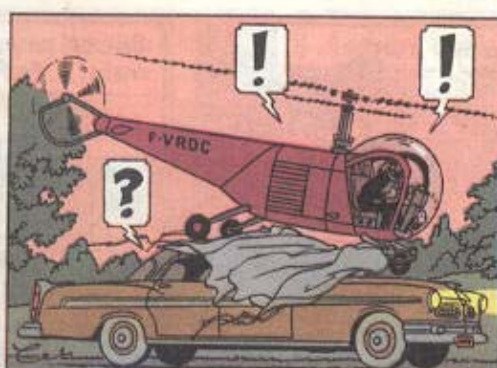
You prize purple
jellyfish, you!
Must I kill my-
self drumming it
into your thick
skull? This is no
joke!... Now listen
to me, Wagg...



Don't bother, Captain; it's
too late anyway. Look: the
petrol gauge is down to zero.
A bullet must have holed
the tank. The only thing we
can do is to land on the
road in front of the car and
force it to stop.



Help!! She's misfiring!



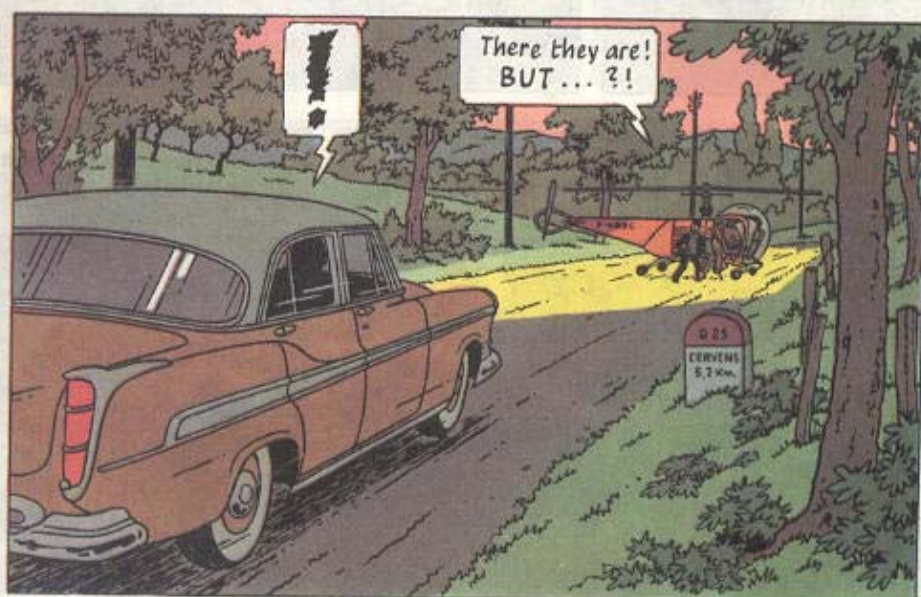
No, the engine's picked up.



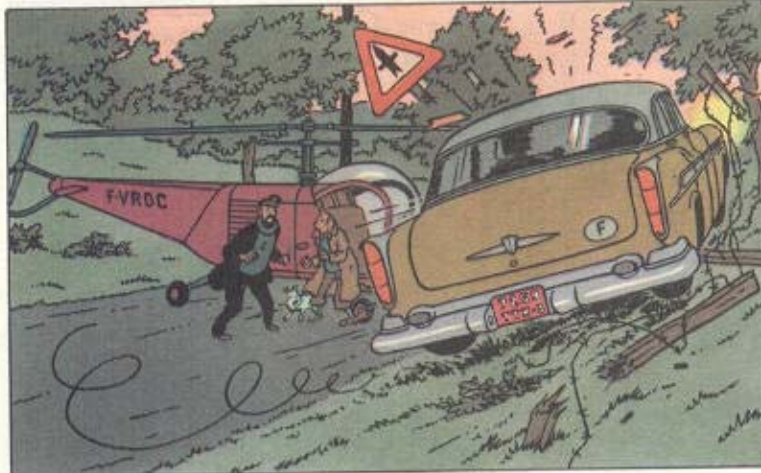
Quick! Down on the road!



That's it!



There they are!
BUT... ?!





Quick! Into the wood...



Hurry!... Get down: like me.



Why in that particular puddle?



I say, Captain, what are you doing?

Blistering barnacles, get down! They'll start shooting any moment! Didn't you recognise the black Citroën?

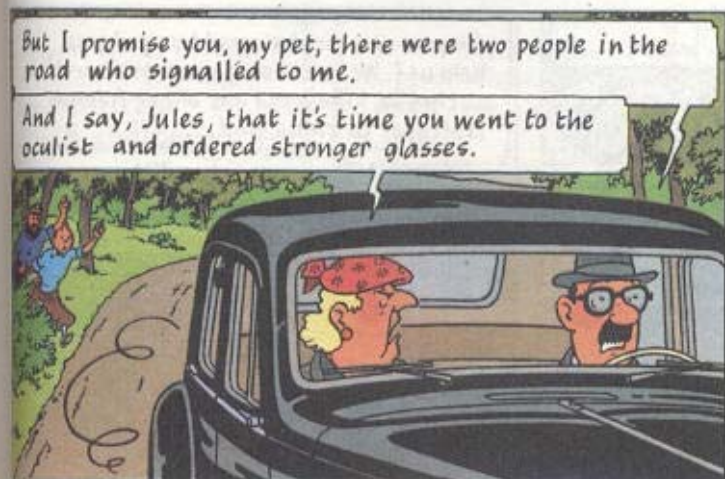


The black Citroën?... No, Captain, you've got it wrong. It was black all right, but it had a French number plate; the other one was Swiss.

Are...are you quite sure?



Absolutely certain. Come on, perhaps they're still there.



But I promise you, my pet, there were two people in the road who signalled to me.

And I say, Jules, that it's time you went to the oculist and ordered stronger glasses.



And on top of it all, you're soaked...

Oh, the sun will soon dry me off.



Hmm! I wouldn't count on it.



If only we had an umbrella!

An umbrella? Captain, what idiots we are. Look!



?



Perhaps we'd better explain. Our friend Calculus has an invention which secret agents from a foreign power are trying to steal. That is why they kidnapped Calculus.



But a rival gang, probably secret agents from another country, grabbed our friend.



Hitch-hikers! Blistering barnacles, there ought to be a law against them!

As I was saying, this second gang snatched our friend from the first lot. We...er... Don't you think we'd better slow down?



Mamma mia!... Whatta is happening? This noise is peculiare. Diavolo! I think now: uno pistone?... Una valvola?



It... it... it's nothing. ... It... it... it's my... my t-t-teeth... ch-ch-ch-chattering...

Old! You think I drive troppo presto?...



Er... I believe the Captain thinks that you're flying too low...

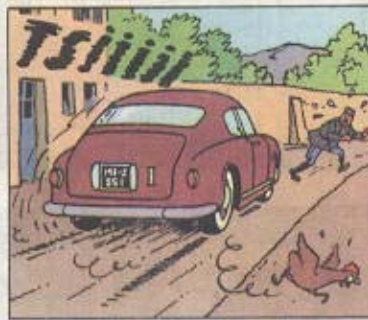


Ten thousand thundering typhoons! Must you drive like a lun-atic?



There it is! That car there! The Chrysler that's just gone through the village.





Blistering barnacles, we'll break our necks, I tell you!

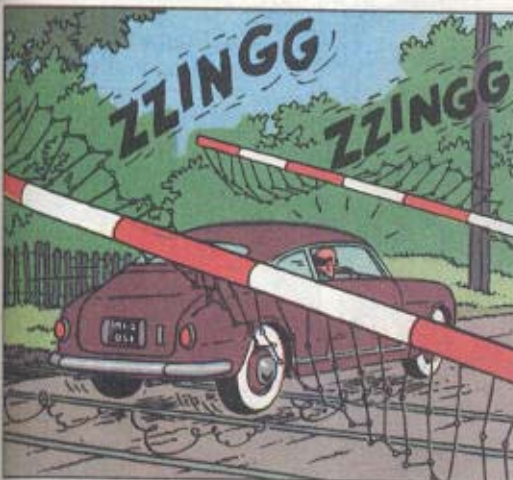


There they are again!

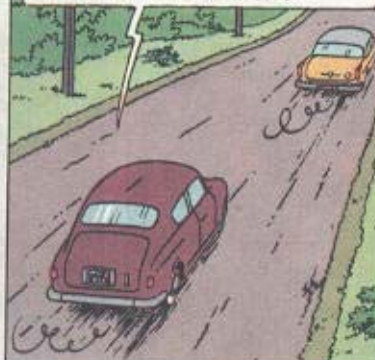
Bene! Bene! We catcha them up!



Thundering typhoons! The level-crossing barrier's closing. We're too late to get through.



Whew! Thundering typhoons, if we go on like this I'll have a heart attack!



... Now, we give a nice little swerve, so! ...



...We put on the brakes, so!... Ecco!... Superbissimo!

That's odd. I can't see Calculus...



By heaven!! What d'you think you're playing at? What do you want?



What do we want? Quite simply: Calculus. Where is he?

Calculus? And what might that be: Calculus? A plant? An animal? A chemical?



You know as well as we do! What have you done with him?

I'd ask you to mind your manners. Once and for all, I've never heard of your Candyfloss! You can see that my chauffeur and I are alone in my car...



What about the boot?

Young man, I could say that the contents of my boot are none of your business: but since I don't wish to be nasty...



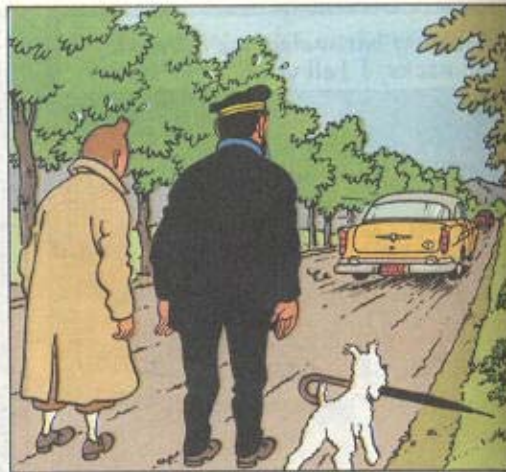
There! Now where's your Coelacanth? Inside the spare wheel, I suppose.



Does that satisfy you, Mr. Sherlock Holmes? Or would you like to dismantle my carburettor? No? In that case, get out of the road and let me pass. You've wasted enough of my time already.



Mamma mia! You fool me nicely, yes?... You tella me the big fib, yes? You just wanta to make hitch-hike... and me stupido who believes you! Madonna, how you fool me! Va bene! Now you walk. Addio!



What can have happened? Did we follow the wrong car?... Or did Calculus stay in the motor-boat?



GREAT SNAKES!

Hey, what's the matter? Now what's burning you up?



YEOW!



What idiots we are! Under the back seat!

Why?... What?... Which back seat?



It was rather high up... That's where they've hidden poor Calculus! We let ourselves be hoodwinked like a couple of kids. Come on!



Old Calculus has certainly led us a pretty dance around the countryside!



That aeroplane looks as if it's landing. Is there an airfield near here? If that's the case, we're saved.



Come on, let's take this footpath. When we get to the airfield we'll ask if there's a plane available.



What's all this?... No airfield?... It's come down in a meadow.



Look! There, behind those trees! The Chrysler!!



There's Calculus! They're putting him aboard the plane. Quick Captain!



By St. Vladimir! There are those madmen again!



Quick, Stanislas, climb aboard. And start up the engine, Boldoff; hurry! Too bad about the car: we'll abandon it.



Step on it, Boldoff!



Faster! Faster!



What are you waiting for? Take off!



Ah! That's it!



At last! Calculus is ours!



Wooah! Wooah!



WODAH!

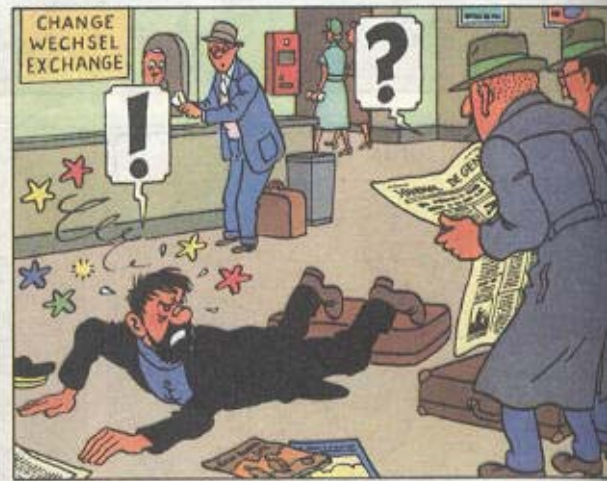


YOW! OW! OW!



HELP! HELP!





Hello!
What's
happened
to you?

Er... nothing...
a slight mishap.
But read this;
it's incredible.



BORDURO-SYLDAVIAN INCIDENT

*Bordurian fighters force down
Syldavian plane*

"VIOLATION
OF OUR
AIR-SPACE"

SAYS SZOHÖD

A Bordurian Air Ministry communiqué reports that a Syldavian aircraft has been intercepted by fighters while flying over Bordurian territory. Despite repeated warnings,

"UNPROVOKED
TASCHIST
AGGRESSION"

KLOW PROTESTS

In an official note the Syldavian Ministry of Foreign Affairs has protested vigorously against "unprovoked aggression by the Bordurian Air Force towards an unarmed Syldavian passenger

Great snakes! This alters
everything. I bet that's the
plane Calculus was in. Now
he's fallen into Bordurian
hands again. They never
give up, do they?



Your
tickets
for Klow,
sir.

We don't need
them! We're
going to Szohöd,
in Borduria.

Yes...er... Can
we by any chance...



I'm sorry, sir, the flight
to Szohöd is fully booked.
The last two seats have
just been taken. However,
if you would care to
wait...



... we may have
a last-minute
cancellation.
In that case
we can make
arrangements
for you.



By the whiskers of
Kürvi-Tasch! They
want to go to Szohöd,
you can bet your life.
But we took the last
two seats. I wonder...



You'll wait here? Good.
I'm just going to see if
I can get through to
Marlinspike.

All right.



Yes, Marlinspike 421.
Thank you, I'll hold
on.

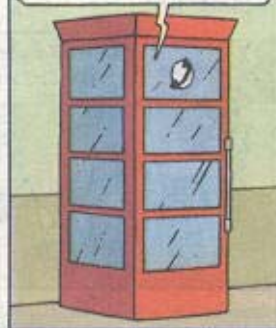


Hello?... Hello,
Marlinspike? Hello,
is that you, Nestor?
...What?... Who's
that speaking?...



Cutts the butcher
speaking...What can
I do for you?... Hello?

Hello, operator.
That was the wrong
number. I asked
for 421...Yes, 421.



Hello? Hello, is
that 421? Is that
you, Nestor? This
is Captain Haddock.
I... Who is that
speaking?... Who?!



Wagg... Jolyon Wagg...
Proper lark this is, eh?
You old humbug, you
didn't half give me a
laugh with your heli-
copter chase... What?...
What am I doing here?

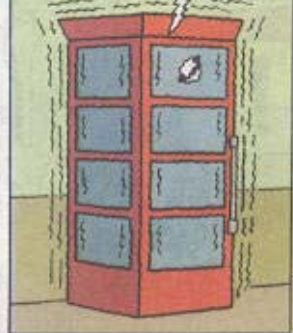


It turned out nice, so I brought
the wife for a little visit to
your country seat...Yes... Who?
... Nestor?... I'll hand you over to
him; he's got a good joke to
tell you... Hi, Nestor, it's your boss.



Hello... Ah, Nestor,
how are you?...Yes
...No...Perhaps...
And what's your news
at Marlinspike?

WHAT?



I'm afraid it's the truth, sir. The Professor's laboratory has been stripped... Yes, the apparatus too, sir... Absolutely everything... Quite so, last night. Yes, sir, the police came this morning.



Did they find any clues? ... You... Hello? ... What did you say, Nestor?



No, it's me, Wagg. ... Don't worry, old boy; it's better than a slap in the eye with a wet kipper, as my Uncle Anatole used to say. Besides...



Thundering typhoons! Shut up about your Uncle Anatole and put me back to Nestor, or I'll do something desperate!



Right away... You know, your insurance is ready. And you'll see, I've taken care of everything. You've got the lot: theft, fire, hailstorms, air-disasters...

Wagg! Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles! I... hello! ...hello! ...HELLO!



Now I've been cut off!!...



I say, what's the matter now?

What's the matter? It's Calculus's laboratory at Marlinspike! Rifled! emptied! ransacked! Those gangsters have taken all his apparatus...



And when I think they're probably in league with those two Patagonian savages... Hello, they've weighed anchor.

So they have: they've gone.



Excuse me, sir!... Sir!... Sir!...

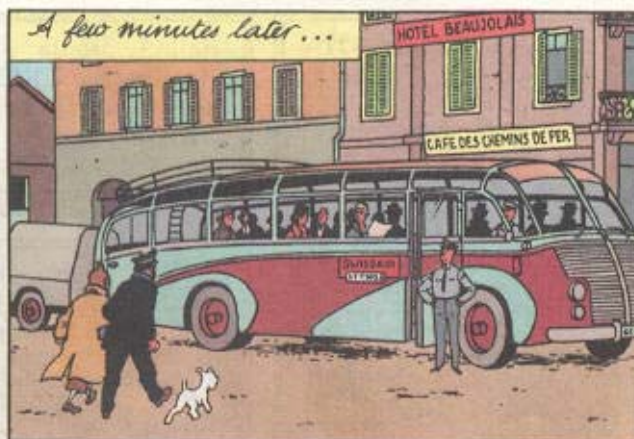


Someone's just telephoned: we have two vacant seats on the plane for Szohod... but the coach leaves in five minutes. Will that be...

Thanks, we'll take them.



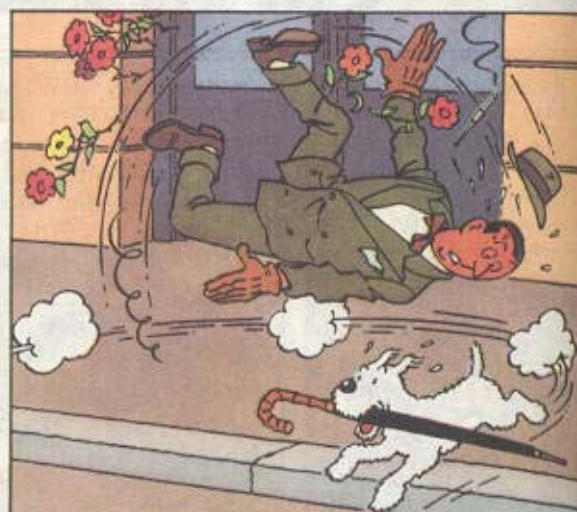
A few minutes later...



Bon voyage, gentlemen. We're only too delighted to give you our seats...



You're the last, sir, We're just off now.





Right away, François.



Well done Snowy!
He's been to fetch
Calculus's umbrella.



Crumbs! This
doesn't belong to
Calculus. Snowy! Where
in the world did
you pinch this from?



Thundering typhoons! Quick,
Tintin, hand me that brolly.



Hey, I think you've
lost your umbrella!
Here it is.



Hello, what's
that on my
nose?



Oh, it's the bit
of sticking-
plaster.



It's off now ...



Thundering...



... typhoons!



?



Pardon me, but you have
something on your hat.



A bit of sticking-plaster.



Now I wonder where
that came from?



It's sticky! ...



And it's stuck!



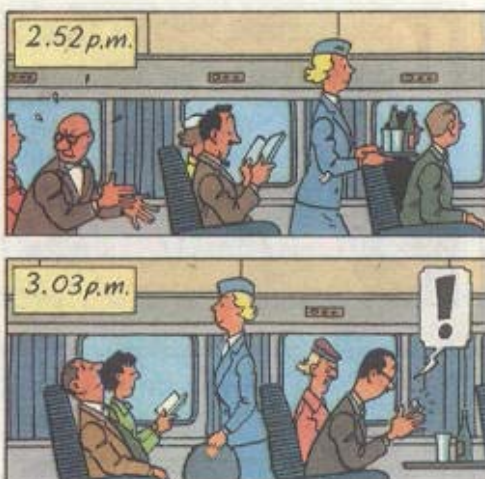
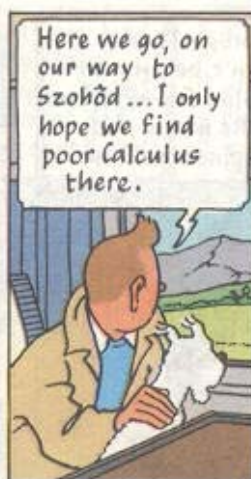
Oh, bother it!



Ah, it's gone.



Well, that's got rid
of that!



That's a relief, I can tell you. I thought they might have had warning of our arrival.



SZTÖPP!



You Captain Haddock? And you Tintin?... You come please. My officer want talk with you.



What? Who is this officer of yours?

Captain, wait. You've got something...



A few minutes later...

Ah, Captain, this is a great privilege for us. We in Borduria salute you, hero of that glorious interplanetary flight. ... Amaïh!



And you too, Mänhir Tintin. I am proud to shake the hand which... er... First set foot on the Moon. I salute you. Amaïh!

You...you're too kind.



The ancient traditions of Bodurian hospitality demand that we ensure your absolute comfort and safety.



Szplug! What is this?



As I was saying: your safety...Two interpreters will therefore accompany you during your stay here. They will take you wherever you may wish to go... and at whatever time.



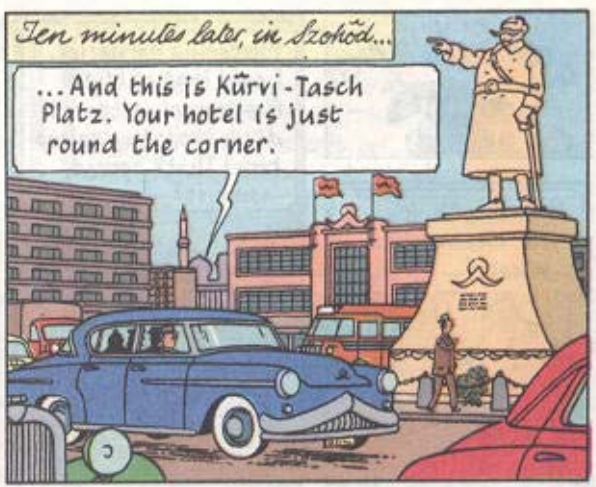
These gentlemen, Krönick and Klümsi, are entirely at your service... They will take you to the Hotel Sznoör, where rooms are booked for you. I wish you a pleasant stay... Amaïh!

Thanks... very much.



Ten minutes later, in Szoköd...

...And this is Kürvi-Tasch Platz. Your hotel is just round the corner.



HOTEL ZSNÖRI

Here we are. This is it.



One moment, please. We'll see about your rooms.



Be careful! Those two ostromoths in Geneva certainly tipped off the police here. We must keep our eyes open.



Oh!... Quick!... Hide! Hide!





What?... No, blistering barnacles! It's that thundering bit of sticking plaster. It's following me about!



Well, good luck. I'll leave you to sort things out together. But don't forget, we go down to dinner in an hour.



An hour later...



Captain, I propose we crack a bottle of champagne in honour of these gentlemen.

Champagne?! Champagne for this gang?...



Oh, poor Captain! It must be your rheumatism. Well, there's nothing like champagne for curing that. Will you call the wine-waiter?



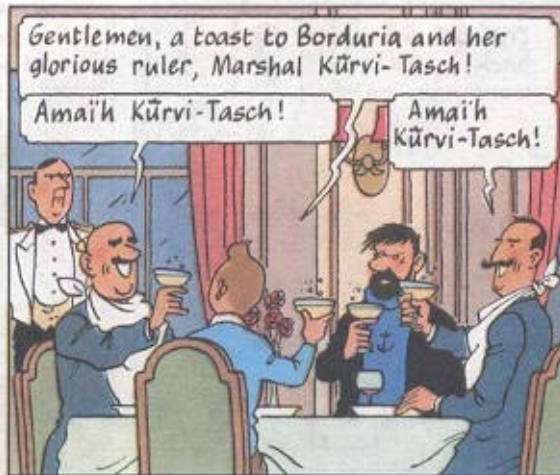
OWW!



Gentlemen, a toast to Borduria and her glorious ruler, Marshal Kürvi-Tasch!

Amai'h Kürvi-Tasch!

Amai'h Kürvi-Tasch!



An hour later...

I say, they're having quite a party at table seven. That's their fourth bottle!



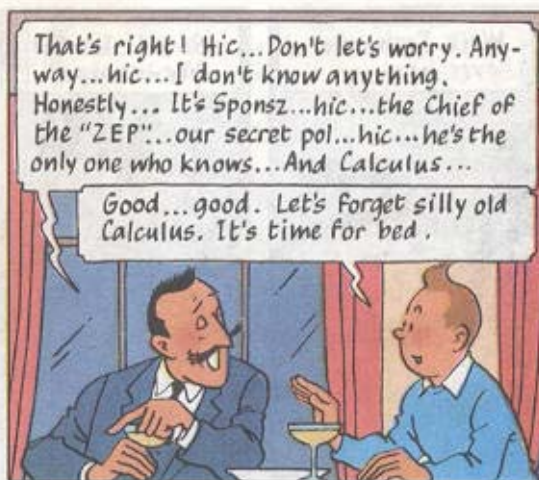
Ha! ha! I'm no fool!... You want to make us tight... To find out where... hic... Professor Calculus is... Hic... But you won't learn a thing. We'll shut up like brams... No, like prams... like lambs... no, like clams. ...

Don't let's worry about Calculus. He'll have to shift for himself.



That's right! Hic... Don't let's worry. Anyway... hic... I don't know anything. Honestly... It's Sponz... hic... the Chief of the "ZEP"... our secret pol... hic... he's the only one who knows... And Calculus...

Good... good. Let's forget silly old Calculus. It's time for bed.



Will you take us right up to our rooms?

Hic...



I... hic... I'll stay in the corridor.

Fine... Good idea!



O.K. Mine's locked in your room.

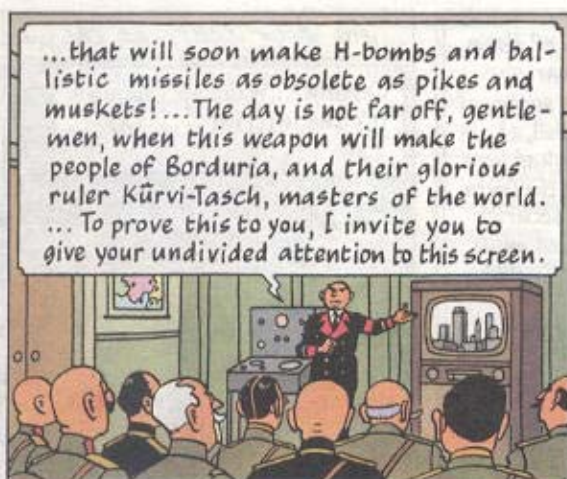
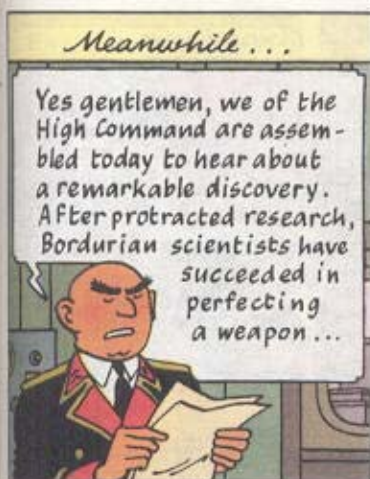
And mine in yours.

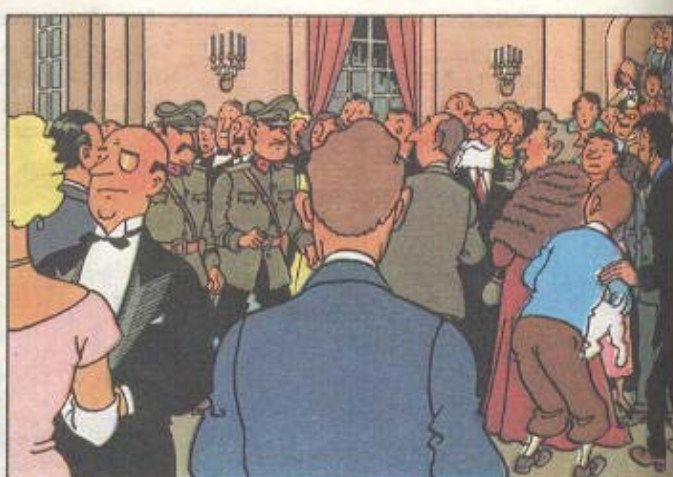
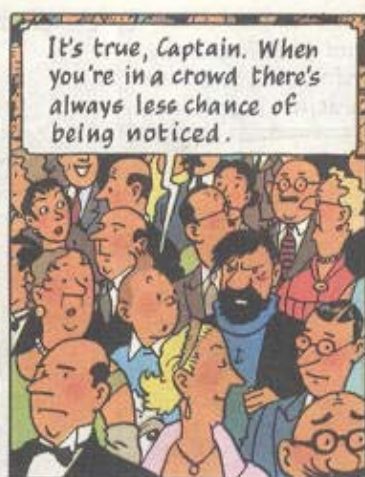
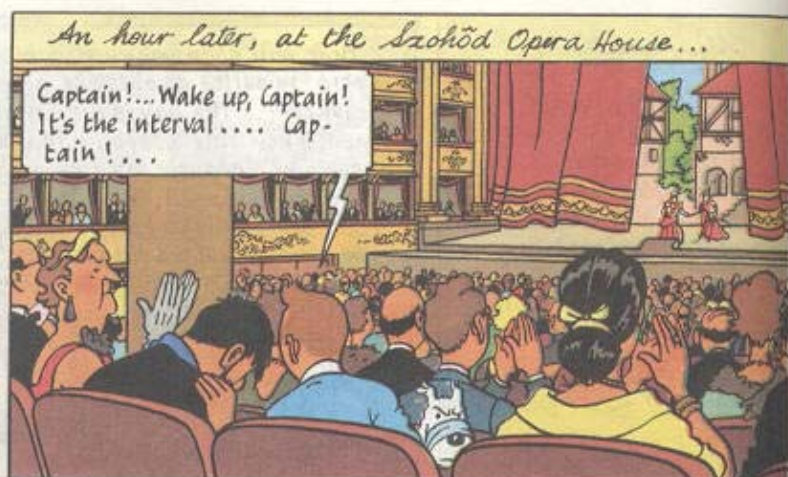
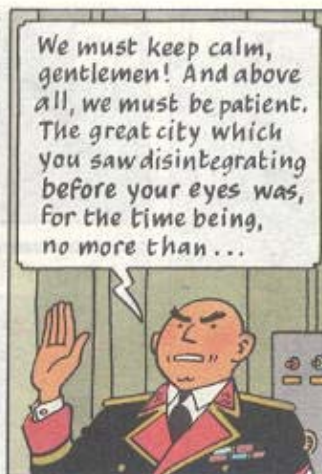


THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP THUMP





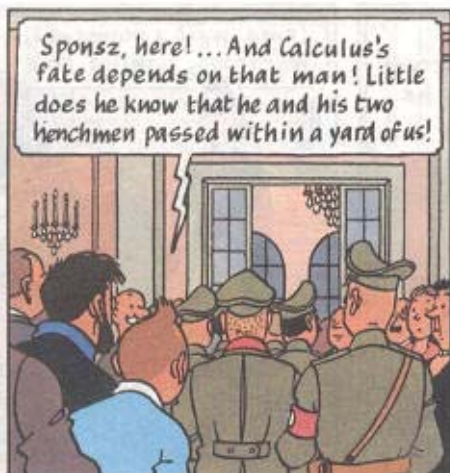






Just look, there's Colonel Sponz, the Chief of Police.

So it is... Colonel Sponz!



Sponz, here!... And Calculus's fate depends on that man! Little does he know that he and his two henchmen passed within a yard of us!



RRRRRRRRRING

It's the end of the interval. Shall we push off?...

I think it's better to wait till the end of the show. Then we can leave with the crowd.



An hour later...



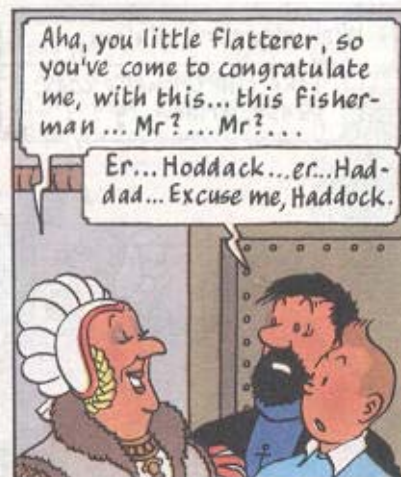
It's hopeless!... The exits are stiff with policemen. Let's try to slip out through the stage door.



Why, look who's here! It's Tintin!



Hello, my dear young friend. How delightful to see you here.



Aha, you little flatterer, so you've come to congratulate me, with this... this fisherman... Mr?... Mr?...

Er... Hoddack... er... Haddad... Excuse me, Haddock.



Come into my dressing-room... Yes, yes... I can't leave my admirers in the passage... I've put on Marguerite's prettiest gown for you... Come along in.



You heard it?... Such a success, wasn't it? ... One of the greatest triumphs of my career... What applause... especially for the Jewel Song... They were in ecstasies, weren't they, Mr. Paddock?

Haddock, Madam!



RAT-TAT TAT

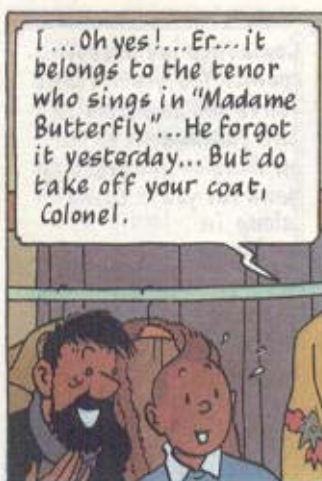
Again? Ah, they won't leave me alone for a moment! ... Oh well... Come in!



Signora, it's Colonel Sponz, the Chief of Police. He wishes to pay his respects to you.

But of course! Show him in, girl...

??



I suppose you think you'll find them in here, you dunderheaded nitwits! Go on, get out! About turn, before I explode!



Please excuse those num-skulls, Ma'am. They're hunting for two spies...

Oh, do tell me about them, Colonel, I adore spy-stories!... Your health, Colonel.

Spies! Us! Barefaced liar



Your health, Ma'am... Well, it's this way: our secret service have managed to... to "invite" to Borduria a foreign professor, originator of a sensational discovery. It concerns a secret weapon. Once this has been perfected, it will give us world supremacy.

Oh, but that's simply wonderful!



Yes, but the perfecting of it depends upon the professor. And up till now he refuses to give us his detail drawings. His reason: he doesn't want his invention used for warlike purposes... I ask you!

These Professors! Always wanting the moon!



Ha! ha! You don't know how true that is! But just now he's on the earth! Between ourselves, he's in the fortress of Bakhine. And by the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, he'll stay there till he decides to give up the plans!

Oh, I'm sure he will in the end.



I hope so, for his sake! Anyway, I have a signed order for his release in my coat pocket. Tomorrow he'll have to choose: either he gives up his plans, or he'll never be heard of again.

And supposing he does give up his plans, Colonel. What happens when he gets home, and tells all?



Ha! ha! I've foreseen that. If we set the professor free, it will be in the presence of two representatives of the International Red Cross. He'll have to declare in front of them that he came to Borduria of his own free will, to offer us his plans... I have passes for these two representatives in my coat, too.

How clever of you, Colonel!... Brilliant!



Oh, just part of my job, Ma'am... But I am gossiping, and time passes... If I may dare to presume... My wife is giving a small party for some friends tonight... and it would give us much pleasure if you would agree to come, just as you are, and sing for us.

But of course... Irmaa... The Colonel's coat please, and mine.



Next morning, at the fortress of Bakhine...



I see. Colonel Sponsz has sent you to take charge of the professor. Your papers look in order to me, and the order of release... However...



... Better safe than sorry. I'd better check that everything's all right. Will you excuse me?...

But... but of course!

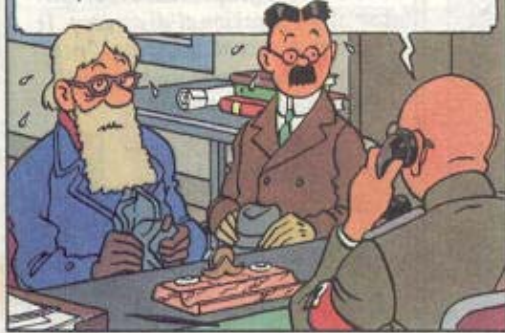
D-d-do!



Hello, ZEP?... This is the commandant at Bakhine, Major Kardouk. Would you put me through to Colonel Sponsz?



Hello?... What?... Oh, he's not in yet... Who is that?... His secretary?... In that case, perhaps you can help me...



Oh yes. Two representatives from the International Red Cross... Their passes? Quite all right, Major, I made them out myself. And the order for release? Yes, Major, that's quite all right too; the colonel signed it yesterday morning. Yes. Amaï'h!



Well, gentlemen, everything's perfectly in order. I'll send for Professor Calculus.



A moment later...

Ah! the joy... ♪ popom-pom
...♪ pompity pom... pom ♪

Here comes the chief. He sounds in good form this morning.



Amaï'h! Kavitch... What's the news?... Any trace of Calculus's friends?

Nothing at all, Colonel. Not a sign of them.



That's tiresome... Very tiresome. I wonder where those two artful dodgers managed to hide... Nothing else, besides that?

Nothing at all, sir.



Oh yes... Major Kardouk rang up.

Kardouk? That old bore! And what did he want this time?



He wanted to know if the order you signed releasing Professor Calculus was official.

By the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch! When a document bears my signature, is it or is it not official?



Yes, Colonel. That's exactly what I told him, sir...



You... you did say the order releasing Professor Calculus?

Why... yes, Colonel...



The papers!... It's treason!... They've been stolen!



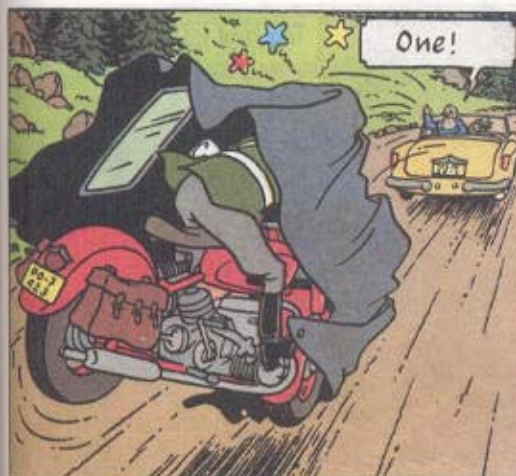
RRRING

Hello!... Yes, it's me... Amaï'h! Colo... What?... Professor Calcu... But sir, I...



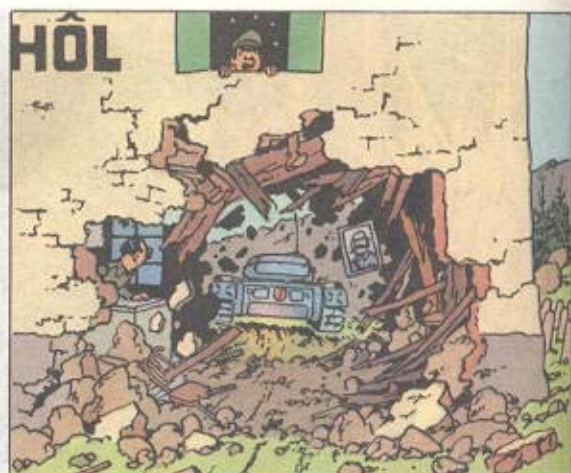
WHAT?... Their car's just gone? By all the hairs in the whiskers of Kürvi-Tasch, if you don't get them back... I'll have you shot!

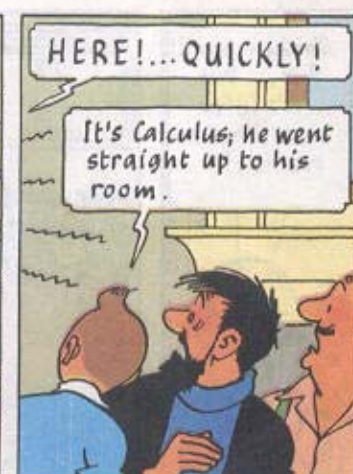
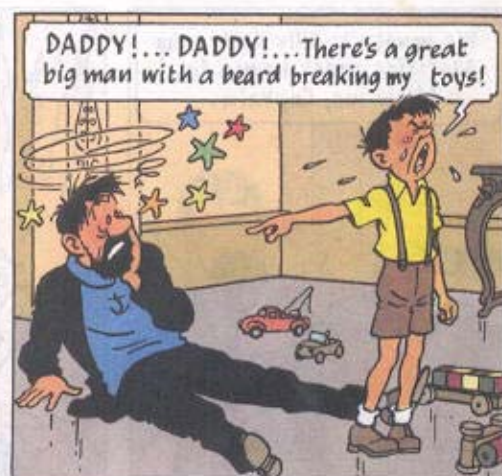






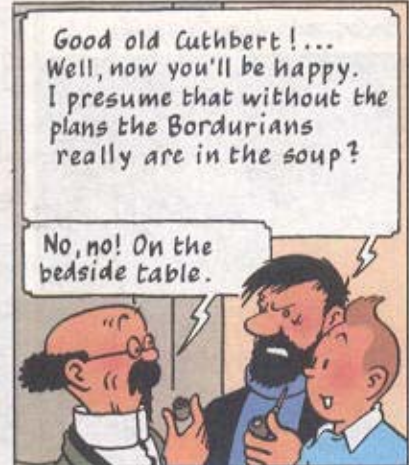








The microfilms!... I've found the microfilms!... I'd left them on my bedside table! Imagine me being so absent-minded!



Good old Cuthbert!... Well, now you'll be happy. I presume that without these plans the Bordurians really are in the soup?

No, no! On the bedside table.



And the cream of the joke is, without these plans the Bordurians can't do a thing! They're finished!



Only it's not just the Bordurians. It's everyone who wants to use my invention for war-like ends. And I shall never allow that. There's only one thing to do: destroy them all.



We mustn't dilly dally: the sacrifice must be made. ... Allow me, Captain.



Billions of bilious blue blistering barnacles!

Oh! I'm so sorry! I didn't know... I thought...

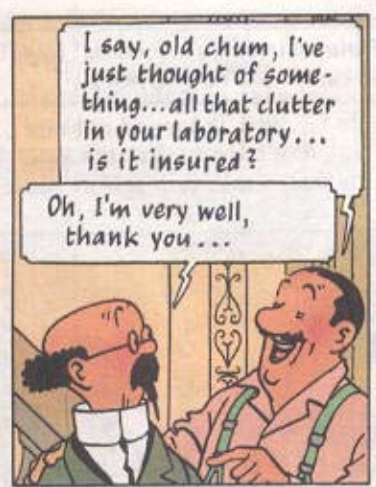


Ten thousand thundering typhoons! My nerves won't stand much more of you. Every time I settle down, up pops trouble!... You flaming jack-in-a-box!

Chicken-pox?? ... At your age?... Goodness!



Chicken-pox!... But that's very serious...



I say, old chum, I've just thought of something... all that clutter in your laboratory... is it insured?

Oh, I'm very well, thank you...



...but I'm very worried about the Captain: he has chicken-pox!

Chicken-pox? Well, that's nice for him.



Chicken-pox! Ha! ha! ha! Better go and live in a hen-coop! Ha! ha! ha! Chicken-pox! Ha! ha! ha!



Chicken-pox!!! But... but ...it's infectious, chicken-pox is!!!



THE END

HENRI
THE ADVENTURES OF
TINTIN

THE CALCULUS AFFAIR

